

# THE CHRONICLE

See  
Rhoades, Katharine N.  
The East & West in  
art.



PUBLISHED *for* SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

MARCH EDITION  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN



THE AIMS OF THE CHRONICLE ARE  
THREE: PATRIOTISM—VIBRANT, AC-  
TIVE, COMPLETE; ABSOLUTE UNION  
WITH OUR ALLIES SO THAT THE FU-  
TURE PEACE MAY BE FOUNDED ON  
FRIENDSHIP AND FREEDOM; NA-  
TIONALIZATION OF ART IN AMER-  
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OUR OVERDUE DEBTS, NOT ONLY  
FOR LIFE, BUT FOR ART—THEIR  
INSPIRATION AND TRADITIONS.



# THE CHRONICLE

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VOL. III

MARCH, 1918

No. 1

## THE LINCOLN LONDON WANTS

*Sir Alfred Mond, the British Commissioner of Public Works, whose department is engaged on this difficult problem of America's gift, the statue of Abraham Lincoln, has inspired the ensuing communication which should for all time settle the dispute as to whether George Grey Barnard's "Lincoln" be sent for erection at Westminster. Sir Alfred, the intimate friend of the Prime Minister, is in a position to pass on this subject and in the following he discloses great tact in intimating to all the adversaries in the bitter quarrel the precise attitude of his Government. Not only as a statesman, but as a connoisseur of art, Sir Alfred ranks high in Britain and his semi-official message to the Editor of THE CHRONICLE must be regarded from both important points of view.*

### NO REPLICA OF ANY EXISTING STATUE

DEAR SIR:—

I am desired by Sir Alfred Mond to thank you for your letter of the 2nd inst. and for the copy of "THE CHRONICLE" which, however, has not yet arrived.

Sir Alfred desires me to tell you that he has been kept very fully informed of the controversy that has taken place concerning Mr. Barnard's statue of President Lincoln; and is perfectly aware of the fact that a great many distinguished artists, art critics and men of taste, whose opinion is certainly worthy of all consideration, think very highly of it as a work of art. Sir Alfred thinks you must realize, however, that he has taken up the only possible attitude for a British Minister in his position, namely that, while this Government would welcome with the utmost pleasure a representation of America's greatest statesman for erection in London, it would obviously be quite improper for him to express any opinion on the merits or demerits of statues by American artists which it is proposed to select for this purpose. Evidently the fact that a large section of influential opinion in the United States itself, including the son of President Lincoln, has taken up a strong attitude in the controversy cannot be ignored either by Sir Alfred Mond or the Ministry. It is to be hoped that some degree of unanimity will eventually

be reached as to the statue best fitted to represent President Lincoln, with due regard to the fact that the statue is to be erected in London on the extremely important site at present allotted to it, and to the necessity of its being in harmony with the statues already in position in that neighbourhood.

Sir Alfred Mond, if it were permissible for him to express a personal opinion on the matter, would be disposed to say that it is improbable that the replica of any existing statue, designed for different conditions, is ever likely to make a satisfactory impression. He feels sure that Mr. Barnard or any other sculptor would agree with him that a statue should be designed with reference to the site and surroundings in which it is to be placed. If you could use your influence in this direction, Sir Alfred is confident that it would do much to promote the result desired by everyone concerned, namely the erection in London of a worthy memorial of a great man whose memory is honoured on this side of the water as it is on yours.

Yours faithfully,

*Aeneas O'Neill*

To the Editor of "THE CHRONICLE"



## DOKTOR MUCK MUST GO

True to the traditions of patriotic achievement with which the name she bears is identified, Mrs. William Jay is performing a great public service in directing attention to the incumbency of Doktor Karl Muck as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mrs. Jay's protest to Major Henry L. Higginson is admirably aided by the fearless support of Mrs. William P. Douglas, Mrs. Carolyn Kane Wright and Judge George L. Ingraham, all of whom have been subscribers to the Boston Symphony Orchestra in New York for many years. Major Higginson is obdurate before the appeals of the signatories of the ensuing correspondence.

It must be remembered in touching this question that the German Imperial Government has employed Germans and German musicians in their propaganda in the United States so that Doktor Karl Muck, by his unchanging pro-Germanism, has become a storm-centre no less than the fortified town of Cambrai. If the American people retain Doktor Muck, they are conniving at a German victory. If the American people insist on Doktor Muck's withdrawal from his place as head of the eminent orchestra, there will be an American victory. The exclusion of Doktor Muck in five typically American cities is ample evidence of the political gravity of the situation. Arguments that art and music are international are fragments of pro-Germanism. New York, the metropolis, is called on to take her place beside cities of lesser size and ban all concerts which Doktor Muck conducts. The excuse that New York is a "cosmopolitan" (odious word) city and therefore must accede to the pro-German element in orchestral matters is one offered for patriotic New Yorkers either to accept or decline.

There is one remaining concert in New York this season by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. On this occasion it will be decided whether New York ranks beside Pittsburgh, Detroit, Baltimore, Springfield, Mass., and Washington; or whether she will reject the ardent protest against "giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

### A LETTER OF PROTEST

850 Park Avenue,  
NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 22, 1918.  
MAJOR HENRY L. HIGGINSON,  
44 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Because in the past we have been devoted to the art and administration of the Boston Symphony, we do now protest to you against the continued retention of Doktor Karl Muck, as conductor, whose resignation was most justifiably forced by public opinion, but was not accepted by you.

As a result of the intense feeling regarding a man who bears the German Emperor's decoration and whose sympathies are most palpably opposed to the United States, the Boston Symphony concerts in New York have become a gathering place for everyone who hopes for a defeat of Allied arms. On the other hand, many loyal Americans do attend these concerts in the belief that "art is international." This is intolerable. But in our opinion even art must stand aside so that every possible influence can be brought to bear to terminate the war with an Allied victory. To this end, there seems no swifter means of emphasizing the wholeheartedness of the United States than by terminating the German influence in musical affairs.

Inasmuch as the Muck case has already interested the public so continuously, his withdrawal would be interpreted as another point of evidence that the American is willing to sacrifice his enjoyment of German music for the cause of patriotism.

None can impugn the appreciation of music—German music—of the undersigned. Although subscribers for many years to the Boston Symphony, we have been compelled, by the presence of Doktor Muck—an admitted ally of the Kaiser—to leave our seats unoccupied; thus signaling our disapproval of the course you are pursuing.

Trusting that you will give this appeal due consideration and that you will consider it untinged by any qualities of Chauvinism, we are

Yours very faithfully,

Lucie Jay  
Carolyn Kane Wright  
Adelaide Douglas  
H. L. Higginson

### MAJOR HIGGINSON REPLIES

44 State Street,  
BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 30, 1918.  
MRS. WILLIAM JAY,  
850 Park Avenue,  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Madam:

I have a letter of January 22d signed by you and

several others. By the same mail comes a letter from a well-known New York gentleman asking for more concerts in New York.

Dr. Muck's resignation was not forced by public opinion. Throughout this matter he has acted as a gentleman, and offered me his resignation in order to make my course as easy as possible. Nobody



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knows my reply. Dr. Muck is probably German in feeling, but he has done nothing wrong. He has been eminently satisfactory to me as a conductor and as a man. His industry, knowledge and power are great, and his place cannot be supplied in this country.

Our audiences have been as usual here, in Cambridge, and in New York where the same people for many years have bought and used their tickets. You state that "the Boston Symphony concerts in New York have become a gathering place for everyone who hopes for a defeat of the Allied Armies." Unless the audiences of many years are disloyal to our country, I question this statement.

I have sought in person at Washington the orders and wishes of the Department of Justice, and have received the reply: "Go where you please except in the District of Columbia."

Certainly I have one hundred and fifty letters from people unknown to me, who beg that the concerts shall go on with the same orchestra and same conductor, and I have but few letters objecting. Of the few, a part is anonymous and abusive. The letters asking for the concerts come from people in and out of town who have relied on the re-

freshment of these concerts for many years. (It has always been a joy to me that many people leading gray lives have come to these concerts, which are much more important for them than they are for you and me.)

If your request were carried out, the orchestra would disband, and it would be owing to a small number of people who take your view. Do you care for this responsibility?

In all this matter I must consider with care many excellent artists who have served faithfully the public of many cities for many years, and who have relied on me for their bread. These men, of a dozen nationalities, have behaved perfectly during the past three years—no easy matter, considering their temperaments. Do you wish the responsibility of throwing these men out of employ?

I recognize entirely your feeling about the country and this war.

Very truly yours,

W. W. Higginson

## A FINAL WARNING

850 Park Avenue,  
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1918.

MAJOR HENRY L. HIGGINSON,  
44 State Street,  
BOSTON, MASS.

Dear Sir:

In reply to your courteous letter dated January thirtieth, 1918, sent to us, the undersigned, who protested against Doktor Karl Muck's continuance as conductor of the Boston Symphony, we beg to point out further reasons for his withdrawal—in disagreement with your masterly defense.

Five representative cities—Pittsburgh, Detroit, Baltimore, Springfield, Mass., and Washington—have already refused to permit Doktor Muck's presence, thereby reflecting the wishes of their citizens. You, over your signature, admit that Doktor Muck is pro-German in his sympathies and there is no doubt that he still bears proudly the Teutonic title, "*Koeniglich Preussischer General Musikdirector.*"

There seems to be only one point to be considered. Aren't aid and comfort being given to the enemy in retaining in such an important capacity a musician so terribly entangled with German Kultur? Isn't it cause for congratulation at Potsdam and in Wilhelmstrasse that a man so distinguished as yourself should support Doktor Muck against the aspersions of other Americans? What weigh the

economic fates of the members of your excellent orchestra against the political significance of Muck glorified before the few remaining German sympathizers in the large cities of the East? Isn't national unity the one great aim? Are we to pour forth our blood and nerve and brain and treasure and still hold to German musical domination? Rather a thousand times that the orchestral traditions fade from our lives than one hour be added to the war's duration by clinging to this last tentacle of the German octopus!

With due recognition of all that you have done in the past for orchestral music and for your rights as supreme head of the Boston Symphony we beg to tell you that this particular element of German propaganda will be fought continuously by,

Yours very truly,

Lucie Jay  
Carolyn Urschel  
Adelaide Douglas  
Edith Mearns

P. S. Can you prove that Doktor Muck has "done nothing?"



# THE LITTLE, OLD REPUBLIC

By FREDERICK DOSSENBACH

*Surrounded on all sides by belligerent countries, Switzerland's position is of great moment and the opinions of a Swiss, Mr. Dossenbach, cast light on the mental attitude of his compatriots. It is agreeable to read the reassuring statement that four-fifths of the Swiss people are in sympathy with the Allies.*

IT is a singular piece of good fortune for little Switzerland that the country on which she today must rely more than on any other for her economic existence is the very one to which she has been bound by the closest political affinities in the past—the great United States of America.

William E. Rappard, Professor of Economics at the University of Geneva, in a booklet entitled "*Notre Grande République Soeur*" forcibly shows that this relationship dates back to the period of the Calvinistic Reformation when a spiritual link was forged between Geneva and New England and when the Genevese were the counterpart of the Puritans in England and the Pilgrims in America. The three groups were guided by the same doctrine and the same simple rituals of their cult; they adhered to the same stern morals and led the same simple life.

Besides this origin of religious sympathies, we find that a mutual influence has existed between the two Republics for a century and a half. It was in the year 1828, after his travels in Switzerland, that James Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, declared that all liberal-minded and well-informed Swiss whom he had encountered were aware of the imperfection of the Federal constitution of those days and that they were aspiring to a union formed after the principles of that of the United States. The Swiss constitution of 1848, of which the present fundamental law of 1874 is the natural outgrowth, was consequently partially modelled after the American constitution of 1789.

The Swiss Referendum, however, or vote of the people *en masse*, and the Initiative, empowering the people to demand the abrogation or modification of given articles of the Federal constitution, as well as the adoption of new formal dispositions, which were introduced in 1874, were hardly known in this country before 1889, when they started to become a generally discussed question.

South Dakota was the first State which passed a constitutional amendment favoring the adoption of the Initiative and the Referendum after the Swiss pattern and this amendment, having been accepted by a popular vote, was embodied in the fundamental law of the State in 1898. Oregon was the next to follow and among the many prominent men who voiced their opinion on this subject, one may quote G. H. Shibley, Director of the American Bureau of Political Research who declared: "the influence of the Swiss example on the development of democracy in the United States in this era is beyond words to express." Thus, it is proven that

the Swiss followed America's example in their constitution of 1848, and the United States in its turn has followed Switzerland's example as far as the Initiative and Referendum are concerned, and that the traditional friendship of the two nations is based upon the common ideal of liberty and democracy. This undoubtedly accounts for the fact that since 1710, when some 5,000 Swiss emigrated to the New World, the United States has been the preferred destination of the Helvetian emigrants. It is estimated that about 150,000 Swiss left their native land between 1887-1914 and that fully 83% of this number came to these shores. Most of them were farmers, but the percentage of industrial workers, artisans and business people grew considerably before the outbreak of the war. Of these vast numbers of sons Switzerland has given America, there are many who have distinguished themselves with brilliant careers in this country and among these the names of Albert Gallatin and Louis Agassiz will stand out prominently forever. Since the first days the Swiss settled in this country, we have seen them active and prosperous in every walk of life, so much so that one ventures to believe, please excuse this indiscretion, that the Swiss enjoy a particular popularity in the United States. This popularity, if it exists—and I dare to say it does—may be because many Americans love Switzerland for the pleasant recollections of travel its very name evokes, but still more, no doubt, is it due to the impression gained about things Swiss by the American students, whom, during the decades gone by, the excellent Swiss schools and Universities have been privileged to receive, and, not least, may it be the natural result of the swift adaptation by the Swiss immigrants of American institutions and ideals and the splendid citizenship they display. Little credit, however, is due to the Swiss for this latter virtue, as for him it is simply a question to be a good Swiss in order to become a good American.

Switzerland was born at the close of the 13th Century as a democratic Republic and she has ever since remained true to her ideals. Since those early struggles she fought fiercely and unfalteringly to maintain her liberty and independence until following the Napoleonic Wars, at the Congress of Paris in 1815, the European Powers formally and authentically acknowledged that the "perpetual neutrality and inviolability of Switzerland and its independence from all foreign influence are in the best interests of the policy of the whole of Europe, but only so long as she is able to make the neutrality of her territory respected." Recently the Gov-



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ernment of the United States gave Switzerland the same assurance.

Mindful of her solemn duty, Switzerland, since the beginning of the war, jealously guards her frontiers for the benefit of all belligerents and no less for the benefit of mankind. Although she may be looked upon as a mere onlooker in this fearful struggle, she has nevertheless allied herself, as in the centuries gone by, true to her historic democratic ideals, with all those forces which make for popular government against autocracy and for

right against might. Suffice it to quote Professor George Zahn who recently wrote in the Berlin *Deutsche Zeitung*: "Today, certainly 80% of all the Swiss are on the side of our enemies, so that an uncommonly large proportion of the nation has been lost to our cause, even in the very course of our victories."

*Fredrick Dossentbach*

## WHAT MORE CAN WE DO?—No. 8

ACHIEVE SERENITY, CONTENTMENT AND PATIENCE

By MRS. HENRY W. KEYES

*In New England there is no one more patriotic and conscientious than the wife of New Hampshire's Governor. Mrs. Henry W. Keyes lives in North Haverhill, New Hampshire. In her words of counsel, Mrs. Keyes touches on many phases of the problem confronting American women at the present juncture of affairs. Her plea for serenity is one which even the best of us might listen to with profit.*

**W**E are living at a period when the entire spirit of the times, no less than the insistent urge of our own consciences, spurs us on to activity and self-denial.

Every mail brings appeals for charity which wring our hearts and empty our pocket-books; we accept the chairmanship of some new committee, or agree to co-operate with some harassed friend who has done so, almost every time the telephone rings; we open our morning paper and read that we should buy thrift stamps TODAY; even in church we do not escape; we kneel down to pray and a little notice flutters to the floor, "France alone needs a million sweaters; please report AT ONCE at your nearest Red Cross Headquarters for more work."

No thinking person can fail to see that the woman who has stopped playing bridge to take up knitting, who is practising food-conservation instead of giving dinner-parties, and whose dress-allowance is helping to clothe the shivering children of France and Belgium, instead of buying ball-gowns of spangled-tulle, is doing wisely and well. More than this: these new and unselfish activities, besides doing an immense amount of good for the nation, are proving a veritable God-send to many bored and idle women of middle age who are unmarried, or widows with children too old to need their personal care, and with sufficient means to make it unnecessary for them to engage in any sort of work.

But what of the young married woman, only moderately endowed with strength and time and money, who has somehow found a way, in spite of the many demands upon her, to sing with her children in the morning and hear their prayers at night, to give the friends whom she met in her own sphere of life, but less fortunate than she in one way or

another, the comfort of her companionship and her sympathy? Who was never too busy to sit in the dusk before an open fire with her husband when he came home from his day's work? Who gave little, perhaps, to organized charities, but some way scraped together the money for blankets for new babies and finery for pretty girls and flowers for sick persons? Who read a good deal, and thought still more, and prayed most of all? And whose mind and body kept as fresh as her soul through the happy serenity of her life?

If such a woman is now too busy with Red Cross Work to see that every man, PERSONALLY known and dear to her, who has entered the war is cheered by her frequent letters and every other comfort which her constant thought and effort can give him; or too engrossed with Civic Reform for her baby's bedtime story and her friend's lonely hour; or too pressed by the manifold calls upon her to retain her own peaceful wholesomeness, is she not running grave risks of selling her birth-right for a mess of red pottage? The average woman, without special talent of intensive training, is much more capable of dealing with individuals than with masses; and there is no graver need in these times, when the nerves of nearly all of us are as taut as if strung on live wire, than some refuge from the ceaseless horror which floods the world. "It is not enough to do all things well," one of the wisest persons I have ever known wrote me recently, "There is also need to choose between many duties the essential ones. Often the hardest lesson for the eager, ambitious soul to learn is that though we must all aim at the best, part of that best is not only the accomplishment of outward things, but the achievement of serenity, contentment and patience."

*Frances Pauline Keyes*



## C O M M E N T A R I E S

By THE EDITOR

## ANOTHER MARNE

FRANCE, aroused, putting on trial and sentencing to death her offensive brood of spies and traitors, again gives to the world an example of intelligence and fairness. Vigorously the great Republic condemns the despicable Bolo to the death he merits and the fates of Caillaux and Humbert hang in the balance. Under the enlightened administration of Premier Clemenceau, no mawkish weakness of purpose stays the sword of justice, and by resisting the cunning enemies behind the battle lines, France has won another victory—another Marne. It would be well if this country were to follow the sane and sensible course of France in the matter of these snakes in the grass. Too much leniency has been shown to the offenders not only in a large way but to that petty, gossiping minority, which seeks to injure the United States by seditious writing and speaking. It is true that the laws are lax, so that speech may be free. Once realization comes to us that infinite harm is done and victory is delayed through the good-humored forbearance with which we treat the internal foe, there will be a turn-about somewhat after the French system. Those sly conspirators who strove to disunite France in the name of Peace and Christianity are paying the heavy penalty of their infamy. By showing to America the proper means of intimidating these German agents, France has given us another reason for gratitude. When we shall have unmasked our political criminals, we must do likewise—inflict punishment with firmness and sanity. It would not be surprising were it revealed that, as in France, some of the traitors in America are now smugly disguised as patriots and occupy high places in finance and in politics. It is reassuring that the identity of such creatures is entirely known to the United States Government.

## “WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD”

ARROGANTLY and incontinently, Nelson Morris, the young Chicago packer uttered his view on the wages of his employes—stating that eight hundred a year sufficed for a worker's family, that the children's carfare should be curtailed and that three times a year at the theatre were sufficient diversion. This gilded youth, who is head of one of the huge Chicago companies, has thus provided a weapon of discontent to the organized labor of this country, which a myriad of agitators with all the resources of their hysterical eloquence could not forge. The selfishness, the heartlessness, the intolerance of Morris' thoughts should in no way be attributed to the wealthy classes of which he is an eccentric member. At this

moment, his words, like liquid fire, will scatter that group of Capital and Labor meeting amicably for the first time in united patriotism. The ignorant Midas of the stock yards has done irreparable damage. The mere fact that he, by youth and upbringing, proves himself unfit to pass a verdict on the justifiable wage of the worker will not deter the industrial demagogues from seizing on his sweeping admission of greed. No less indignant over the ruthless proclamation of this “poor, little rich boy” than the workers themselves will be the men and women of fortune of this country—all of whom are acutely conscious that wealth brings with it not so many privileges as sacred obligations.

## TRICKERY AND TRUTH

ALWAYS on the scent for a sensation in music, literature or the theatre, the public has extolled to the very skies the singing art of Signora Galli-Curci, the coloratura soprano now appearing in the Eastern cities. Such acclaim is without precedent and although the slender young singer performed every known species of florid vocalization, she has yet to prove her claim of being an artist of enduring greatness. True, the public is won easily by the clever tricks and undeniable modesty of the new “star” but all these considerations of voice and gesture are as nothing to the *réclame*, that frantic, fighting mobs assail each auditorium for which she is scheduled. The gravity of Signora Galli-Curci's position as a singer is lessened by the hysteria with which she is received. Art and noise never flourish at the same moment. On the other hand, there is Lucien Muratore, an exponent of French opera, who has no equal; an actor of the utmost skill and sincerity; a tenor with a voice of flexibility, beauty and emotional power. He gave new life to Faust, to Don José, to Romeo, and still there was no sensational outbreak when he appeared. Within a few more years the East, having tired of clap-trap and press effusions, may accept him as the very great artist that he is.

## THE MEN COOKS OF THE U. S. A.

EVERY military commander from Alexander to Haig has been accredited with some aphorism on “Meals and Morale”—that is the soldier's rations. Therefore, the importance of the lessons to naval and military cooks given by the New York Cooking School can not be overestimated. The officers of this cooking school, Mrs. Iselin, the Honorable Mrs. Alfred Anson, Mrs. Chauncey Blair Mitchell and Mrs. William Jay, have sent forth an appeal to the public for contributions, so urgent is the need of increasing the student body.



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## BRIEFS AGAINST MARRIAGE

SO many dramatic arguments against the state of marriage are before the public today that one is free to wonder whether behind all this agitation against convention there is not some pregnant meaning. Beginning with "Getting Married" and ending with the recent comedy "Youth," the theme of marriage has been much discussed. Then, too, there are "Why Marry?" by the American, Jesse Lynch Williams, and "Karen" from the Scandinavian. Serious import is given to these anti-marriage treatises by the many people who go to see plays concerning this subject. Each of these productions has been successful in attracting audiences. In other words, people—young people—are beginning to question the wisdom of marriage bonds and if they have reached no virtual decision at least their minds are directed to the problem. The revolt from the exacting religious and legal ceremonies has often been started but there has been no concentrated effort to break the venerable rules. But when one realizes that in New York today there are three plays in which the leading figures arraign the marriage laws as antiquated, one has every reason to believe that disaffection to conventionality is broadcast and that, in the wake of the war, we are facing some interesting development in social emancipation. How far the rising liberals can separate the demand for marriage from everyday life is questionable but in the chaos of great events and universal upheaval, there seems to be no limit to the possibilities of change and improvement. Without entering into the merits of the many insidious reasons against the accepted form of marriage, one must admit that the time is ripe for just such a drastic movement. First of all, there are the unmarried mothers in the belligerent countries and against them society can not point the finger of scorn. These women have suffered too much—given too much—to be despised on account of ancient prejudice. Moreover, we shall be delivered of the world-pain by bearing tolerance. Cases of illegitimacy shall be judged as individual cases. In our eagerness to see a world re-populated, we shall do less questioning and more helping and the children, unnamed by law, will not be condemned unjustly. Woman, emancipated politically, will be organized to impose her own verdict on this point, and the retention of the marriage ties, as we know them, will be determined by the concensus of feminine opinion. One can repeat the battle cries of the woman seeking freedom to prove that the ultimate aim of many is liberation from the bonds and obligations of the "love, honor and obey" code. Formal marriage may not be necessary when our conception of personal honor reaches a height unknown previous to the war. A mutual agreement with self-chosen conditions may supersede the hard-and-fast rules of the clergy and the law. After all, lack of confidence and the obsolete opposition to equality must have inspired the bind-

ing requirements that obtain in all communities. A detail which concerns America especially is that of divorce—it is patent that no marriage is better than many divorces.

## THE NEW REPULSIVE

PROFESSING a fanatic devotion for the Rights of Man and other tenets of an ideal democracy, the *New Republic* continues to puzzle its readers as to its actual policy, because invariably this publication supports whatever is opposed to a decisive victory for the Allies and the overthrow of the German autocracy. Sailing close to the wind of sedition, the *New Republic* is open in its fondness for the Bolsheviki, defending every act of weakness and shame committed by that visionary group. But when the *New Republic* launches forth praise for Lord Lansdowne's policy of surrender, the death rattle of the decaying reactionary, there can be no doubt that every diplomatic stroke advantageous to the Germans is agreeable to those who guide the editorial policy of this strange sheet. Whoever knows anything about British politics must be aware that Lord Lansdowne represents the pre-Edwardian aristocracy—that he has no contact with the affairs of the present day—that his brain is atrophied and his eyes blinded to the real democracy, the great force between the extremes of anarchy and autocracy. To endorse the announcements of this peer is to subscribe to all the cowardice and retrogression which he advises. Is the *New Republic* wilfully disloyal or is it merely an intellectual provincial? Is the *New Republic's* hysterical dogma constructed so as to attract the malcontent or is its capricious straddling of the policies of the Nihilist, Trotzky, and the Oligarch, Lansdowne, a subtle trick of the German sympathizer? These are questions to be referred to a young New Yorker—the actual owner of this publication, which has become obnoxious to all loyal Americans.

## "FOR GERMANY FREE OR POWERLESS"

TO overthrow the German militarists, to depose the Hohenzollern dynasty and to spread the principles of democracy throughout the German states are the objects of the Friends of German Democracy, which held a stirring mass meeting in New York during the month. A huge nation-wide petition endorsing these activities is now in circulation and, when signed by hundreds of thousands of loyal Americans of German extraction, the document will be sent to the headquarters in Switzerland. This is an historical movement, gaining force gradually, and among its leaders are Franz Sigel, the two brilliant Bohn brothers, Walter Damrosch, Julius Koettgen, and Frederick L. Hoffman. Their active patriotism in hurling their mental forces against the German autocrats entitles them to wide renown.



## BARRYMORE FIRE

WHATEVER the American stage may have expected of the three handsome children of Maurice Barrymore and Georgie Drew has been fulfilled most magnificently since that trio of Barrymores—Ethel, John and Lionel—are all artists of the first magnitude. The debt of the playgoers to the members of this family is tremendous. Apart from their ability to act, they bring to the stage the best of traditions. They represent the stage in the most dignified way. They even disprove that ancient adage that the American public is infamously fickle. Ethel Barrymore has retained her hold on the interest of the people for a decade and a half. John Barrymore, by his excellent work in "Justice" and in "Peter Ibbetson" according to the prevailing opinion, stands well to the fore as an artist of deep penetration and ever-increasing skill. And now, Lionel Barrymore, who seems to have hid his artistic light under a bushel of desuetude, sweeps New York off its feet by his magic emotional acting in the new play "The Copperhead."

## NAZIMOVA—EXOTIC

REVERTING to her earlier field of activity, Madame Alla Nazimova enters New York with the familiar plays by Ibsen, and critics are called upon again to appraise the talents of this Russo-American. Between perfection and Madame Nazimova there will always be her foreign accent, and however we may admire her magnetism and her vitality, we must admit that her allure springs from something exotic—something bizarre. For this reason her versatility is limited and perhaps she is seen to better advantage in the Norwegian drama than in American plays, wherein her accent is so disillusioning. Nor can we dismiss the Noras and the Hildas of English-speaking actresses to make way for the Nazimovan interpretations. The inflexibility of the Russian she shows as she approaches the roles of the Scandinavian women, and her characterizations—living, but untrue—fail of conviction. Possessed of a crude form of emotionalism, Madame Nazimova remains a popular figure—certainly not a great artist.

## FROM THE SEVENTH ROW

**BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE**—Very funny comedy for those to whom Potash and Perlmutter have not become tiresome.

**CHEER UP!**—Ever changing Hippodrome spectacle teeming with interest and novelty.

**CHU-CHIN-CHOW**—Over-elaborate spectacle of the Orient, which proves that scenic effects never compensate for dramatic insincerity.

**COHAN REVUE, THE**—Imitations, burlesque, and principals below Cohan's standard for musical Americana.

**CURE FOR CURABLES, A**—Mechanical comedy of that deadly cult—the invalid.

**EYES OF YOUTH**—A play with Marjorie Rambeau, which increases in popularity and which improves on acquaintance.

**FLO-FLO**—New musical play of New York life—swift, gay and irresponsible.

**GIPSY TRAIL, THE**—An effective and stimulating little comedy, with romance and optimism and genuine humor, admirably blended.

**GIRL O' MINE**—An ordinary musical play redeemed by one really droll scene.

**GOING UP**—The old comedy "The Aviator" speeded up and equipped with good musical numbers.

**GREENWICH VILLAGE THEATRE**—"Karen"—A Danish play after the Ibsen manner which seems to attract good audiences.

**HAPPINESS**—Laurette Taylor's talents displayed in undramatic comedietta.

**HER COUNTRY**—A patriotic play, the purpose of which surpasses the second rate material.

**JACK O' LANTERN**—A musical burlesque with Fred Stone, likely to endure until Spring.

**KING, THE**—A butchery of the satirical French original with banal features suggestive of burlesque.

**LITTLE TEACHER, THE**—A most sympathetic little comedy drama in which Mary Ryan shows indubitable skill.

**LOMBARDI LTD.**—Leo Carillo gives speed and "punch" to this rollicking comedy of the world of dress-makers.

**LOVE MILL, THE**—One of the dullest musical plays ever presented.

**MADONNA OF THE FUTURE, THE**—Emily Stevens in ill-made and uncertain drama that misses fire.

**MASTER, THE**—This great play presented by Arnold Daly with inadequate cast.

**MAYTIME**—A romantic musical play, embellished by the considerable art of Peggy Wood.

**OFF CHANCE, THE**—Ethel Barrymore and an excellent company bring the spirit of high comedy to this discussion of smart English life.

**OH, BOY!**—Delightful musical production, which holds the record for a long run on Broadway.

**OH! LADY! LADY!**—This new little musical play is certain of continued patronage.

**OH! LOOK**—New musical play of the type that is proving unpopular through oversupply.

**PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH**—Boisterous farce devoid of novelty and reminiscent of the classic farce "Fair and Warmer."

**POLLY WITH A PAST**—Ina Claire comes into her own in a comedy which would be dire without her charming presence.

**SEVENTEEN**—A fresh and delightful comedy, based on Booth Tarkington's little novel.

**SEVEN DAYS LEAVE**—Patriotic thriller at popular prices.

**SICK-A-BED**—Novelty and good taste preside over this gay little farce.

**SINBAD**—The exuberant Al Jolson in a one-man show marked by scenic atrocities.

**SUCCESS**—Heavy play misappropriately named.

**TAILOR-MADE MAN, THE**—Excellent comedy of modern American life, firmly established in public favor.

**TIGER ROSE, THE**—Melodrama reminiscent of the "movies," staged with all possible meteorological "effects."

**WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS**—"Youth," a new play on the entanglements of sex brings forward an admirable young actor, Saxon Kling.

**WHY MARRY?** The eternal theme is discussed in new comedy. Vastly overestimated.

**YES OR NO?**—An eccentric play, with strange construction, concerning a woman's problem.



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## THE STRANGE GENIUS OF ROBERT W. CHANLER

By THE EDITOR

SOMETHING of the same delight of the fifteenth century Florentines and Pisans over the entrancing frescoes of Benozzo Gozzoli is felt by modern Americans, who make a point of seeing and studying the murals, frescoes and screens of Robert W. Chanler. Essentially American, this artist is now in the full flower of his aesthetic faculties and his inspired ingeniousness. One compares him to the great Gozzoli, chiefly because Chanler is fortunate enough to see his work acclaimed during his lifetime. Similarly was the Italian praised by a grateful coterie of critics and scholars and although he never waxed rich, he had the joy of working independently—than which no artist can ask more. Then, too, both Gozzoli and Chanler have charmed a public of appreciative observers by their vigor, inventiveness and abandon. Chanler, in fact, is one of the most valuable contributors to our small supply of original American art.

A talent so great that it bloomed slowly is his and there has been nothing forced, sudden or sensational in its development. A deep knowledge underlies every mark of his brush—true beauty can spring only from such a solid source.

As a celebrant of trees, birds, flowers, fish, animals and other inventions of nature, Chanler has no equal among living artists, and his composition and treatment of these subjects are on a plane of the highest originality. When he hearkens back to the vivid perspectives of the Persians or the naked simplicity of the Chinese, there is no more degree of copying than one finds in the relations between the canvases of Velasquez and those of Sargent. Each day the dead Orient is fused more smoothly with the living Occident and each day Chanler becomes more Chanler. Color being of casual value to the great artist, there is no need to praise the eloquence of Chanler's chromatic utterances. They are delivered as things parallel to the leading theme, not thundered forth for mere reasons of spectacle.

*Connoisseurs*, of course, are convinced of Chanler's eminence. His work is snapped up quickly, Mrs. E. H. Harriman and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney owning the most numerous examples. Typical of Chanler's imaginative *empressement* are a fireplace and ceiling in low relief, set up now in Mrs. Whitney's studio in New York. Here is wondrous composition. The fireplace is alive with flames, licking the wall and leaping upward until one's eyes are carried to the ceiling. The source of fire—the sun—glows in one corner and toward its irresistible rays, there are rushing headlong every known thing to which heat is essential. Through clouds and stars is seen this seething moving group—men and women, animals of all sorts, tropical fish, birds. There is humor in the sun's face—as if he were conscious of his power. This design is made luminous by a restrained crimson, appropriately

distributed from the red hot of the fire to the white heat of the great sun. Although the artist would be the first to deny a hidden meaning, an obscured philosophy (he would modestly call this amazing work "amusing"), one is held by the science with which his art is propelled—by the existence of reason for every detail—by the firm skill with which he has constructed his ceiling, so that in the maze of ornamentation, there is neither incoherence nor confusion. In the same room is one of his most free and characteristic screens. On one side there is the bottom of the sea, on the other a fantasy of the solar system. The lambent blue of the ocean, the tangle of weeds, wrecks, the sleeping fish—the profundity of it all—only lead one with swifter ascent to the contemplation of the firmament where the signs of the zodiac, stars, moons and planets swim past—a plausible company extolled in gold, silver and azure. The swing and rhythm of this sky show the imaginative Chanler in all the triumph of his artistic liberation.

Mrs. William R. Coe, a daughter of the late H. H. Rogers, has had the excellent judgment to delegate Mr. Chanler to treat the sun parlor of her house at Oyster Bay, and it would be a thousand pities were the world at large not permitted to share the owner's enjoyment, once this work is finished. It would be of triple benefit were Mrs. Coe persuaded to lend the use of this room for a charity concert next summer, so that Long Islanders, at least, could gaze on this artist's conception of a depopulated Paradise. Although still in the process of preparation, it is safe to predict that these new murals are worthy of a pilgrimage of many miles and that they will take high rank among the works of American artists. Against the background of pearl-like iridescence, Chanler has built his picture of enchantment. Great trees burdened with strange blossoms shelter birds of all species—the most priggish of toucans, the most amorous of parroquets, the most exclusive of peacocks, the most elusive of ospreys. To all the radiance of their tropical plumage are added the splendor of action, the treasure of liveliness. The feathered galaxy stalks amid beds of lilies and drinks from pools, fringed with orchids. The birds philander from moss-covered rocks and points of vantage, shaded by tropical vegetables and the entire scene is so wrought with poetry, romance and humor that one must feel that Chanler is veritably the true artist of the war.

He, alone, seems to represent the natural and welcome reaction from the horrors of Europe's battlefields. He alone seems to have been guided far from the ugliness of the moment to the loveliness of dreams. He, of all others, seems to have captured nimble humor as an antidote to suspense. Chanler's Paradise is not only essentially modern—it is a masterpiece.



## CONCERNING INTERESTING PEOPLE

By THE EDITOR

THAT George Bernard Shaw should develop a belated passion for obscurity will surprise his American readers—nevertheless “Annajanska, the Wild Duchess,” a short play was produced recently in London under a pseudonym and bears the unmistakable imprint of the Irishman’s wit. Undoubtedly, Shaw wrote this satirical comment on a Russian noblewoman converted to Liberalism, but there was a reason for this attempt at anonymity. Shaw is scorned by the British people, which unpopularity he has spent three decades in achieving. The British would have permitted Shaw to ridicule their idiosyncracies without limitations, had the war not broken out and threatened the very existence of the Empire. And then, when the neutrals were trying to decide which nation was to blame for the drawing of the sword, the arch-humorist of the Adelphi put forth a pamphlet, called “Common Sense and the War.” It was a crisp, brilliant document, which many editors refused, owing to its spirit of disaffection. Finally, it was sent forth as a supplement to an English journal of opinion and was swiftly pounced upon by the German propagandists for translation not only into neutral tongues but also into the languages of the East Indians. The British Government took no action against Shaw lest it advertise his monograph, but the British people made felt their resentment. To poke fun in the sunlight of peace was one thing—to provide the enemy with a weapon in the dark was another. What Shaw has suffered in the way of ostracism by his colleagues perhaps would not affect a man as thick-skinned as Shaw has shown himself. What he feels more poignantly than anything else is the manner in which he has been ignored, and the case reaches its climax when he is forced to screen the authorship of his new play under the obviously faked name of “Gregory Biesipoff.” The penalty of Shaw’s war-time treachery takes a form which may not effect contrition but contains the element of practical justice.

ALTHOUGH about to sail for Red Cross work in France, Mrs. Herbert Shipman, the sprightly wife of the rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest has made an experiment in “moving pictures” and she will be revealed in a film not yet released for general view. Mrs. Shipman is so lively and unconventional that it is not surprising that she should make her appearance with a certain famous “Queen of the Movies”—simply for the fun of it. Of course this daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley does not play an important part but soon she will be flashed in a smart wedding scene, to which, of course, she can bring all the realities for which the film managers are striving.

FROM all its distinguished guests, Washington seems to single out Lady Lister-Kaye as a recipient of many evidences of favor. A more tactful and intelligent woman than her ladyship never crossed the seas in order to consolidate the ever-increasing friendship between the lands of her birth and of her adoption. Born in the south—a daughter of the Yznaga family, Lady Lister-Kaye and her sister, the late Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, were among the very popular women who took London by storm years ago. The Duchess of Manchester was one of that group, which is known in social history as “the King’s set.” This witty woman was one whom King Edward VII always delighted to honor. The same royal friendship was extended to Lady Lister-Kaye, whose husband, Sir John, was a member of the King’s household. At present, Lady Lister-Kaye is representing the Motor Transport Volunteers, a war charity, to which Americans are giving handsomely. This organization manages the free motor omnibuses, which ply in London after normal traffic is suspended and carry soldiers from the railway *termini* to their destination. By escorting the men in the dead of night, they are saved from the clutches of the wretches who would play on their confidence and who would rob them in the dark crannies of the streets. Most of the workers of the Volunteers, who stay up all night and look after the arriving soldiers, are men of very high position, and this particular work benefits the Americans who pass through England. Lady Lister-Kaye has a way of christening each new bus after its donor or an American city, so that the lonely Americans may rejoice in the sight of a familiar name. It is an Allied Charity with a strong American connection.

AN experiment along the lines of sudden democracy is the Lincoln School, which is conceived as an institution where instruction is given to the children of the very rich and the very poor. The Lincoln School is especially fostered by Mrs. Willard D. Straight, whose young son is enrolled and whose school friends come from all sorts of families. That a daughter of the late William C. Whitney should devote herself to the faithful attempt at breaking down class lines is not surprising but there is a humorous aspect to her son, sitting side by side with her coachman’s heir. In fact, when this subject was under discussion and arguments were put forward that it was so satisfactory, that the little Straight boy and the coachman’s son were school-mates, one of the wittiest women in New York observed “Yes, it’s a very good idea—that is, if the coachman does not mind.”



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LADY KENNARD'S new book—"A Roumanian Diary" is having a wide sale, not only because of the author's American extraction, but because it is a vivid and sympathetic narrative of the Roumanian tragedy. Carefully compiled, Lady Kennard's observations carry one engrossingly from the earlier days when Roumania was a fertile, peaceful land to the present moment of stress and valor. Lady Kennard's mother, Lady Barclay, is a daughter of Mrs. Henry G. Chapman of New York and the literary merits of the Roumanian document are doubtless inherited through this distinguished American strain. John Jay Chapman, the writer's uncle, has given many examples of his abilities along these lines. Lady Barclay is the wife of a diplomat and is now in England recuperating from the great nerve strain of her experience in the Balkans as well as from the toil incidental to the life of the average woman in England. Possessed of boundless energy and initiative, Lady Barclay has been doing important canteen work in one of the railway stations in London and both she and Lady Kennard are active in administrative positions.

OF consummate interest not only to New Yorkers but to all other Americans is the report that a boom will soon be launched for Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, as Republican nominee for next President. Plans have already matured, and it may be imagined how many important people have rallied to the standard of this suave and intellectual man. As a leader of men, President Butler has developed gradually and it will strike few, who have remarked his career, that his candidacy is forced or unusual. The American university, as a source of supply for Presidential products, has been demonstrated in the case of President Wilson, although Mr. Butler is of another type. He, too, has led a broad and generous life, which affects favorably his point of view on international affairs. Moreover, he is a personable man which, when translated into the vernacular of American politics, means a "vote-getter." President Butler's close connection with the world of fashion may actually stand in his light at the present juncture of affairs, as his opponents would doubtless seize on his high social position in an effort to defeat him by appealing to the prejudices of the unthinking. On the other hand, Mrs. Butler will be a potent aid to her husband, since she has demonstrated her abilities with the many war relief committees which have engaged her attention since the outbreak of hostilities. Mrs. Butler shows both strength and energy and with woman's ascent in the political firmament, the charming wife of Columbia's president is bound to have influence in his favor. The Butler candidacy is replete with interest and opportunity and although this is the first public mention thereof, there are many who regard him as ideally fitted for the lofty office, which must be the ambition of every good American.

THE Queen of Roumania is an example of the enormous changes wrought not only in conditions themselves but in the characters of human beings involved in the terrible, beautiful war. As Crown Princess, she was known as one of the gayest, most frivolous figures in the entire court system of Europe. She matched Marie Antoinette in extravagance and really made Bucharest the liveliest of the smaller capitals. She dressed beautifully—a representative of one of the great Paris shops would travel to the Balkans twice a year to confer with this fastidious princess. And then came the war! Instantly sobered, Queen Marie started relief committees and did not await Roumania's own entry into the war before altering the gay life of Bucharest. Although a German princess, having been a Saxe-Cobourg, she lent no willing ear to the pro-Germans who were plentiful in the little kingdom. She kept clear of politics, knowing that her country would be forced into the war on the side of the Allies. Her singular forbearance, in the face of such temptations as German gold and German affiliations, was only to be expected of a woman who has risen to such heights of patience and faith as Roumania's Queen. She is now at Jassy, hemmed in by the enemy, but thinking nothing of her own safety. She is more loved by the Roumanian people as the persecuted Queen than as the irresponsible and lovely Crown Princess. It is an open secret that, when peace shall have been restored, her daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, will become the consort of the Prince of Wales and will some day be Queen of England. This would be a fitting recompense—a marriage with the splendid little Prince—for the royal family that has suffered so much, so that justice shall not die from the earth.

THOSE two amiable sisters, Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Twombly, have been continuing their time-honored custom of weekly dinner parties, to which the conservative set is bidden. To be sure, the collations are somewhat reduced out of respect for the Food Administration, but these occasions are along the stately and formal lines which prevailed in the recent past. Mrs. Twombly usually chooses Saturday night on which to entertain, and Mrs. Sloane, having a remarkably fine pipe organ in the large brown house in Fifty-second Street, gives a post-prandial sacred concert on Sunday evenings. There are not so many left of the old regime that these assemblages should pass unnoticed and they stand out in contrast to the diversions of the younger women, who concentrate on the encouragement of modern art and the pursuit of public affairs. Two daughters of these families—Miss Ruth Twombly and Mrs. Sloane's daughter, Mrs. John Henry Hammond, are extremely active in charitable organizations, and Miss Twombly recently added a feather to her cap by arranging a Galli-Curci concert at the Hippodrome, which was most competently handled.



# LIGHT AND LIFE

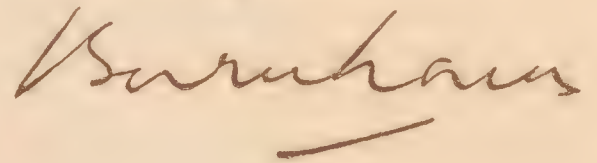
By THE LORD BURNHAM

*The eminent publisher of the Daily Telegraph of London, Lord Burnham, illustrates many truths with all the eloquence for which he is renowned in England. In his brief article written especially for THE CHRONICLE, Lord Burnham sends a message of inspiration to us—surcharged with the warm sympathy which has emanated from our distinguished Allies since America's Declaration of Right.*

Your country is bracing itself for the greatest undertaking in its history. It will involve efforts and sacrifices on a colossal scale; but only at this price can the end be achieved—the salvation of all civilized ideals from enslavement by the brute principle of naked force. For this cause Great Britain, your Kinsmen, and France, your ancient Ally, have spent millions of their best citizens, and untold treasure, and are still ready to give both without stint. Your nation will soon take its place in line with them, sharing their burdens and those of our other Allies, and war will collect its toll from

your households. It is then that the work of THE CHRONICLE and all patriotic journals will reach its utmost value, holding high before the people the standard of Freedom and Right, and inspiring them to discharge a supreme duty with unfaltering resolution.

I wish you and your colleagues all success in your fight for the cause of Light and Life.



## THE SUFFRAGE DRIVE IN OHIO

By MRS. G. D. OGDEN

*In the landslide for Woman's Suffrage it is noticeable how obstinate are the voters of the State of Ohio on this great national reform. Mrs. Ogden who has been fighting with her State Organization for the success of suffrage for many years, is able to throw some light on the conditions of Woman's Suffrage in Ohio and her article contains not only valuable information for, but comments of interest to, both the pro and anti-suffragist.*

AS most of the suffrage articles contributed to THE CHRONICLE have been from the East, it may not be amiss to hear some opinions from the sister state of Ohio—in an issue so widely important as at present, for or against woman's suffrage. I am not going to state statistical comparisons as to what has been accomplished in other states where women vote, which would simply recall repetitions. I am merely pertaining to the question from the viewpoint of an Ohio suffragist and from observations as they are encountered in the many years in which this question has been of vital interest to me. As a state member of the Woman's Suffrage Association of Ohio, I have, many years ago, brought suffrage speakers to Cincinnati with the object of introducing woman's suffrage properly before the public and interesting all who may wish to study the question. Ohio has been quoted as one of the most stubborn states on account of its unusually strong opposition. A large percentage of women is opposed to suffrage. But they claim not to understand what woman's suffrage really stands for. I say this on the best of authority. I happened to meet a woman of the "opposed order" who made that frank statement to me and yet she was a property owner who admitted that if she were a member of some real estate exchange it would be a per-

ceptible benefit to her. But she acknowledged it would be the unusual order and that she wished some one would take the initiative. There are many women who believe in suffrage yet are reluctant to admit it—sometimes even become forcible on the question—and yet refuse to belong to suffrage clubs because either their husbands, brothers or fathers do not approve of it or seem unwilling to have the women members of their families interested in politics. These women are shielded from worldly difficulties through these men and perhaps, truth to say, prefer to be the clinging vines of years ago. I would rather state this in whispers, for it seems incredible to conjecture that woman wishing to hold leadership of society should dread to become political woman.

Then why, may I ask, are women so extremely anxious to watch the returns on election nights amidst tumults of horn blowing, around the dining tables in hotels and restaurants and still refuse to say they are political women? Why does any woman object to the honor of voting for a President? Why do the "antis" insist that suffragists are pro-German? This reminds me strongly of an article I once read which quoted suffragists as a band of open-eyed maniacs, anarchists, socialists, free-lovers, *divorcées*, etc. This in itself would discourage a keenly sensitively inclined suffragist, provided they were weak-minded enough not to want



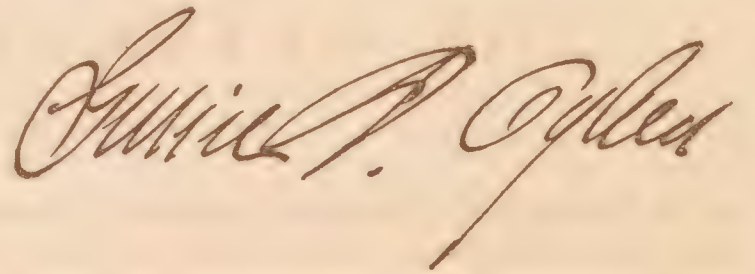
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to understand a farce when presented. The pity of it is that it had no effect whatever in dissuading the faithfully inclined. Every woman is at bottom a suffragist whether she acknowledges it or not. She can not control, be worldly and manage her own affairs, be a society woman, a professional or business woman—"which in itself places her on a pedestal of self-reliance, and emancipates her from the clinging vine species." No woman can rule under any other consistency. There is a ridiculous side to all questions. I once asked a man why he was opposed to his wife voting, when he replied that he was a Republican and his wife was a Democrat. We women of Ohio have never become discouraged even under the greatest difficulties—be they personal or otherwise—and this bespeaks the strong calibre of which the Ohio suffragists are composed.

We have refused the vote twice through the referendum although we understand the struggle and the battle our opponents are using against us. Yet we remain silent but look hopefully toward the Federal concession. It is coming and it will come. We have gained perceptibly by a woman representative in Congress. New York women won out in their struggle. They will help us in turn. Woman's suffrage is a principle and not a fad, as has been supposed. Women suffragists are reliable, strong-minded women—not cranks. They are endowed with cultural qualifications, they come from all nationalities like their sister opponents and are

typically American—lovers of home life—linguists, but absolutely no snobs. In colleges and art schools, also as opera singers, we will find women who believe in suffrage. They are scattered in all corners of the globe. In all my knowledge of club activities I have never heard unkind remarks made about our antis "individually." Can the same be said of our opponents? Their main point of opposition is to attack us individually and gloat over it. In fact, in their eyes, we cease to be human and are utterly devoid of any refinement—yet, many will say "it is the lot of the politicians to be attacked."

I remember at one social function after being presented to an antagonistic, one-sided club woman, her first remark was that she positively differed in suffrage. I assured her that question need not be taken into consideration. Presumably some of us are looked upon as wolves. As stated in the beginning of my article, my object of presenting Woman's Suffrage to *THE CHRONICLE* through the kind courtesy of its Editor, is merely to place Ohio and women suffragists in a light in which they desire to appear.



### "A NOBLER WORLD"

By JOHN MASEFIELD

*The greatest of living English poets is John Masefield whose works "The Everlasting Mercy" and "Cargoes" are the finest verse written since the century began. Mr. Masefield has contributed the following as his gift to the Library War Fund, which has collected the autographed thoughts of twenty-six of the greatest writers in the world. Offers for the twenty-six manuscripts may be sent to Mrs. Alfred Meyer, in care of THE CHRONICLE.*

Man's invention has outrun his social organizations.

This war is a violent scrapping of the outgrown machine of national systems. I hope that after the war some international system may be devised, more in accord with man's place in the universe.

"Cannot the mind that made the engine make  
A nobler world than this?"

*John Masefield.*

### A MESSAGE

By THOMAS EMERY

*On returning from England recently, Thomas Emery, the young son of the Honorable Mrs. Alfred Anson, enlisted as a private in the United States Marines. Mr. Emery did not finish his term in the English school and, although under age, he has returned to help fight his country's battles.*

We have entered a new era, and today we find the two greatest branches of the Anglo-Saxon races arrayed together, both striving for the same goal. Neither of us had anything to gain, but everything to lose, by our entry into the war; and we entered it solely for the purpose of freeing the world from Prussian autocracy and establishing a righteous and permanent peace. Therefore, as American citizens, we should willingly submit ourselves to all the demands and sacrifices war calls for in this—our country's hour of need; doing away with all luxuries and playing the war-game to the utmost when our men are heroically laying down their lives for Freedom's Cause.

*Thomas Emery*



## CANADA—WOMEN—AMERICA

By LADY EATON

*After the visit to the United States, Lady Eaton, the wife of Sir John Craig Eaton of Toronto, writes a review of conditions in Canada and in the United States which strike her as identical. The eagerness and common sense with which she tells of the unity of Canadian womanhood are bound to impress American readers who are striving more and more to annihilate the abhorrent distinction between the classes which centuries of ignorance had raised.*

PREVIOUS to the entry of the United States of America into the war there was a very strong feeling generally amongst Canadians that the average United States citizen one came into contact with in traveling had an absolutely false idea of what the war involved. One so frequently heard remarked—"This is not our war and why should we go into it?" or, "It is much better that we, as a nation, should remain out of this war and look after Belgium," and many other excuses equally evasive. How unthinkingly these excuses were made was proven when Hoover's report on the relief work in Belgium showed that a greater amount of money had been spent in the United States for supplies for Belgium than had been raised by various methods in the United States.

From the moment war was declared there was no thought possible to the majority of Canadians than that we too were at war, not alone as British subjects, but because we knew that this war must be fought out on the European continent, or finished on the American continent.

Between this continent and an invasion by Germany there stood only one barrier—the British Navy. Our faith in it was supreme, and after more than three years of war our faith has been vindicated.

But the possibility of a disaster to the fleet in the North Sea has made it imperative that everything should be done to conquer the enemy on land, force the fighting line into his own territory, amongst his own people, thus showing, in the only way he can ever be made to understand, some of the horrors of the war imposed on the world by Germany. It is inconceivable that the Germans can ever understand in full the horrors to which they have subjected others.

Between Canada and the United States of America there is very little difference. We come of the same stock, speak the same tongue, have the same conditions of a new country to face. As a matter of fact, the difference is largely one of population, which is much greater in the United States of America than in Canada. Our sense of directness, our climatic conditions, our ideals, are identical.

Therefore, it was difficult for the Canadians to grasp the infinitesimal difference that could allow a nation to evade the moral responsibility which had been assumed by the signing of the terms of the Hague Convention by the President of the United States of America. It was felt, at the time, that it was best that the United States should not declare

war, but it was considered a great calamity that no national word of protest was uttered when the neutrality of Belgium was violated. Had that been done, a much more sympathetic feeling would have existed in Canada than was the case. In spite of this, perhaps even because of it, there were no more wholehearted, energetic war-workers than both men and women born in the United States, whose business interests were located either temporarily or permanently in our midst.

When, in April, 1917, the United States declared war, the atmosphere was cleared and we have been filled with admiration at the masterly way in which the war policy of that country has been conducted.

All this is from a woman's standpoint and from the standpoint of women who from the first days of the war have had their men folk at the front standing between them and the German menace.

The war activities, organized and conducted by women, have brought women together in a way nothing else has ever done. There was a common cause, a common duty, and a common sorrow. This has been true alike in farm communities, villages, towns and cities. It has developed women's resourcefulness, business ability, and has broadened their outlook generally. The same feeling has spread to the women of the United States for the same reason. Our women volunteered for war service just as freely as our men. Organizations were set agoing in the first flush of enthusiasm and there was much overlapping which has since been gradually eliminated. Now there are excellent corps of V. A. D. nurses, chauffeuses for the Red Cross waste collections, masseuses and dieticians. There is still much to be done before our woman power can be used to the greatest advantage, and this is now receiving careful attention. We have admired the forceful way the woman power of the United States has been organized for the successful prosecution of the war, and there is much that we can learn and adopt from these well-laid plans which have been so carefully thought out.

It is impossible for women to work for the same cause with the same end in view, with their hearts torn and bleeding for the sons who are fighting a common enemy, without feeling a greater sympathy for each other, and a mutual broadening of understanding.

In so far as one can judge from a visit of a few weeks in Washington, New York, and other places, and from a knowledge of the work being done in Canada, there is no especial effort being made in



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either country to weld the interests of the women of these countries into one, but the mere fact that, from ocean to ocean of this vast continent, all women are working for the same objective, must inevitably banish the slight differences caused by an imaginary barrier, the boundary line between the two countries. In very truth, the differences and the barrier must be a fine flight of the imagination, for on the three thousand miles of boundary line between the two countries, there is not a single fortification in either country, which is surely conclusive that the friendliest feeling exists.

We have just passed through the first trial of woman suffrage in Federal politics in Canada, and while it was a limited suffrage, those only being entitled to vote whose near male relatives were or had been on active service at the front, it was found that women generally, those without the vote as

well, worked hard, showed unusual organizing and executive ability, made good campaigners and speakers, and in one election did much to show the power of the cleansing quality women could introduce into the politics of a country.

This is truly woman's opportunity, and it rests with her to prove herself worthy. In Canada the issue upon which women cast the first vote was conscription, and it must be said to the credit of womanhood, that their sense of the fairness of conscription carried the day. If the women of any country can always keep in mind that justice is above and before everything, they will be a great force for good in the world.

Flora McCrea Eaton.

## THE HOPE OF ITALY

By SIGNORA BARON

*The wife of an Italian artillery officer, Signora Baron is a Californian by birth. Her father, Mr. Boague helped in the development of the railway systems of the west and has held high office in many of the Pacific transportation companies. Signora Baron visited the Italian front a year ago as one of the few women guests of General Cadorna. Through her husband's letters, she is able to keep in direct touch with the ever-changing military and political conditions of our hard-pressed Ally.*

**N**OW that we must try to forget how the Royal Italian Engineers built their roads and spanned great chasms where the eagle made his nest, and how Cadorna's army advanced in silence, inch by inch—forget the frightful struggles for the capture of Gorizia and her surrounding mountains—that in a brief week the stupendous work of two years of sublime warfare seemed something futile, those of us who know and have seen, if only a little, feel that the heart of Italy is beating on the Piave River. We feel it rather than know it—that the aspirations and dreams of the Italian people are there in the lovely Brenta Valley, and that Diaz is the mind of Italy, Diaz, the young, forceful general who was born during Cadorna's retreat, and checked the invaders at the Piave. We feel this great heart beating and confidence in the new leader, and try only to remember the dead on the Friulian plain, and forget all the rest. And as from the wounds of some hideous grief, a perfect thought may be born, we feel that a great spiritual glory will arise out of the Italian tragedy, in the form of the Nationalist party. This party we may call the spirit of Italy; and with this threefold strength of spirit, mind and flesh, we have faith in Italy's future.

For several years a small group of Italian patriots has been struggling against Radicals, Socialists, Pacifists, and centuries of traditions. Not only have they been struggling against these po-

tent forces, but they have tried to bring about a fusion of all the different races in Italy—the Milanese and the Sicilian, the Roman and the Florentine, the Venetian and the Genoese (only those who are masters of the language and have a knowledge of the character of Italian people can form any idea of the difference between an Italian of one city and an Italian of another), in a common cause, *la Patria*. They are, for the greater part, young and far-seeing men who believe in sacrificing all for the future of the nation. They are visionaries and idealists, and yet fundamentally vital. D'Annunzio is one of them. They also call their own the brilliant younger deputies, Gallenga and Federzoni. They fight against terrible odds but cannot be crushed.

During the feverish months before Italy's entry in the fray, this Nationalist party loomed up, white and pure, like a fresh morning after a stormy night. The people answered its call. Those who remember a famous twilight in Rome will never forget D'Annunzio's words as he spoke from a balcony of the Hotel Regina to the Roman people. He cast a spell over all who heard him. The mob in the streets was silent and bare-headed as it listened to the poetic prose of the great patriot. After his speech, it was, "Down with Giolitti," a whisper that grew, little by little, into a loud cry. The Nationalists were heard, and Italy took her place beside the Allies.

But one feels that their epoch is now—now, when all parties are at last united in an effort to crush



the Teuton invaders and when Italy will fight to the last man. This party that has taken from the past only the best traditions, that stands for its country's honour abroad and at home, that looks far into the future and is utterly devoid of selfish aims, constitutes that unconquerable Latin something that, through all the ages, has lived in various forms and made it possible for Italy to be a great world power twice, and has led her to the path of her third greatness. It is a vital, yet spiritual spark. It has at times burned low. Traitors, temporal powers and egoists have sought to extinguish it, only to see it burn brightly again in another decade. It is now the spirit that lives beyond the heart and the mind of the country. The bravery of millions of soldiers, the expenditure of billions of francs, the strategy of a thousand generals, would be as naught without this unconquerable soul. "*Per la pui grande Italia*" is the cry of the Nationalists. Nothing else matters; and one feels that in the heart of every dead Nationalist is written, "*per la pui grande Italia*" just as Browning felt that in his heart would be engraved, "Italy." Italy will live while the Nationalist spirit lives.

And now, when there is a cessation of German trade, it is with America to establish warmer business relations with Italy. After the war there will be a great field. This country can render it impossible for Germany to attain another commercial monopoly in Italy. People who have lived much there have often wondered why big concerns here did not interest themselves in Italian affairs long ago. The Germans have ruined almost every part of Italy with their architectural monstrosities—iconoclasts—all of them, who built their ugly villas on Lake Maggiore and in every city from the Alps to Sicily. One wondered the why of it, on viewing a landscape made wondrous by stately Italian villas, and then, turning only to behold a monstrous gilt tower, painted Cupids and iron railings. And yet, if one desired to build a little villa, one soon discovered for how much less a German atrocity could be erected than a simple Italian house. It was the same if one tried to redecorate an old villa or palace. One searched for electric side lights to find only horrible brass fittings painted green—one found German baths, German paints—imitations of Italian damasks made in Germany! And so one went to great expense and purchased candelabra from Murano, bath fixtures in France, sighing the while, "Why hasn't some enterprising American business man thought of opening establishments in Milan where one could obtain decent electric fittings at the same cost as these German horrors? Why hasn't some young American architect of talent thought of designing some type of architecture that would be practical and yet artistic? Has no one thought of this field?" So it went with almost everything, even to books. The best Italian History of Art was printed in Germany. A great many Italian restaurants had German proprietors. The hideous imprint of Germany

one could not get away from, even in the banks. How many a trip to some out-of-the-way spot has been ruined for everyone by glaring evidences of something offensive and Germanic. It was always, "Why? O, why?"

When it came to steamers, why was there not a fast Italo-American mail? The Italian steamers were good, but there were few of them and they were slow. So we traveled on second-rate German steamers to the Mediterranean or took a fast boat to a northern port and went south by rail. All this can be changed by Americans after the war and should be begun now. The commercial field in Italy is enormous. Germany got control of it shortly after Italy was united and before Italians were able to do so themselves. America can now step in and pick up all the threads of German trade interests. Nothing in the world would please Italy and Italians more—for Italy would so feel herself an independent state in Europe—the commercial slave of no one. A syndicate should be organized with others in view. American firms of all sorts should be well represented throughout Italy.

America has ignored Italy in the past, and has never even attempted to understand her complex situation. Few Americans, indeed, are there who know anything about the history of modern, political and industrial Italy. They always think of France and forget everything else. Italy was considered a pleasant place to visit, where one could worship at the shrines of the Popes and satisfy one's thirst for beauty. Many people would have been surprised to have heard of the Nationalist movement or to have known that Italy wished to take her place beside others as a first-class world power. It would have seemed incredible to them. They would have become impatient with the many and diverse opinions of the Italian people themselves, unable to grasp the facts that they are more complex than all the other peoples in the world, and have been united only half a century.

It is only when daily life for years has forced one to understand something about Italy that one gets beneath the surface of the Italian people and the Italian political parties; and only after many discouragements and heartbreaks, open avowals of hating them, followed shortly by warm avowals of loving them, and finally accepting them as they are, stripped of all illusion, can one form an adequate idea of their spiritual and intellectual bigness. And those who have thus been forced to learn something about them, know that Italy's future will be safe, with the Nationalist party growing daily and while help from America is still only a hope.

Verjilia Baron



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## THE EAST AND WEST IN ART

By KATHERINE N. RHOADES

*Like the "flower that blushed unseen," the art collection of Charles L. Freer, the eminent citizen of Detroit, has been little observed by the average American and yet this stupendous assemblage of early Oriental and contemporary American art will be eventually one of the proudest possessions of the American people. Mr. Freer has given one million dollars for a sanctuary in Washington in which to install these wonderful works which embrace the two important extremes—Ancient East and the Modern West. At Mr. Freer's behest, Miss Katherine N. Rhoades has written the following fleet but stimulating description of the treasures about to fall into the fortunate lap of young America.*

**T**HE Freer Art Collection will in all likelihood be permanently established in Washington, and open to the public in the course of a few years. After that time, the artists, scholars, and laymen, who will go there from this and other countries to enjoy and to study the objects of this great collection, will undoubtedly discuss at length its fundamental principles, and will seek to determine its direct value to them and its importance to the entire world—as they severally or individually may see it. And when sufficient time shall have elapsed after its opening for the direct impact of ancient Eastern beliefs and traditions to have been felt upon the Western mind, the relationship of the collection to, and its influence upon the art and ideals here of today and tomorrow will be realized—as will the sensitiveness or indifference of the public's response to it.

But that time has not yet come; the building into which the collection will be permanently placed is still in course of construction, and the American public as a whole know little of the rare opportunity about to open for them. Therefore, a brief outline of some of the important subjects and principles involved therein may suggest to a few the spirit of what it will stand ready to convey to those who approach its gateway with interest and intelligence.

The collection has been acquired, built up, and cared for by Mr. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, Michigan, who presented it to the United States Government in 1906, when its ownership was transferred to the Smithsonian Institution. Since then Mr. Freer has added many important objects to the different groups, and has spent the greater part of his time in active study in the collection; identifying, comparing and re-valuing the specimens.

The collection consists of Asiatic and American art, the Asiatic being more extensively represented. It embraces the Far and Near East: China, Japan, Korea, and (less importantly) India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Persia.

Painting, pottery, sculpture, bronze, jade, glass, manuscripts, to note briefly, are all represented in one or several of these countries, and in China especially Mr. Freer has made a centralized and intensive study, with the result that the collection holds a more fully developed aesthetic record of the ancient civilization of China than of any of the other countries mentioned.

This Chinese group includes, in paintings, examples which date from the two great periods of artistic development in China—the T'ang dynasty (A. D. 618-906) and the Sung dynasty (A. D. 960-1279). All of the constructive and formative forces of the previous ages seemed in the T'ang period to have reached a point where they were able to express themselves mightily. Buddhism was the most important cultural factor in China at that time and its influence permeated all of the activities of the age. So, in their art, the Chinese expressed much of their spiritual devotion, together with their great love of beauty—and in all of the great T'ang productions, sculptural or pictorial, one feels these two sentient, interacting forces.

The Sung dynasty was one of idealism. Nature was contemplated and looked upon as a source of mystic inspiration, and the study of nature's organization and growth became a basis for the artist's imaginative work. Therefore, in their painting many ideal landscapes were produced—radiant with flowers and blossoming trees, and sanctified with temples and pavilions. The spirits who wander through these gardens seem to be seeking further—for the unattainable; and this same sense of infinity is felt by the spectator himself—as though the mountain, flower or stream, actually depicted, were there but to suggest the pathway to some wider and more beautiful vision beyond.

The sculpture in the collection is largely of Han (B. C. 206-A. D. 220), the Six Dynasties (A. D. 220-618), and T'ang production; in all of which one again feels the integral and dominant part that their philosophy played in the ancient life of China. From any and all of these sculptures—Buddhas, deities, guardians, trinities—there emanates that great Eastern power of depicting inner force in visible forms of expression.

The Chinese bronzes represented are, many of them, still earlier than the stone, dating from Shang (B. C. 1766-1122), and Chou (B. C. 1122-255), and in their splendid forms and decorations they testify to the enormous experience and knowledge that these men had attained, over two thousand years ago, in the art of designing and casting. These bronzes were used at religious ceremonies, and many of them were buried with their dead, to hold necessary nourishment for their future lives.

A further step backward from the sculpture and bronze takes us into a most important group of



early jades—many of them belonging to the period before San Tai; that is, before the earliest known records which date from about B. C. 2200. This group becomes the more interesting and valuable because of the fact that in China, for many centuries, jade was considered more precious than any other material. Among the many forms into which it was cut were those symbolic of heaven and earth, which forms were worshipped, and these jade objects could, moreover, endow their possessor with immortality or with power greater than law or ruler. The jades in this collection show both the primitive forms of weapons and utensils which afterwards were converted by reverence into ceremonial objects, and also the later decorated forms used for religious and burial purposes, as personal ornaments, and carried by princes and other high officials in order to gain admittance to the emperor.

In pottery we approach another large field embracing early unglazed specimens, many fine Han objects, and a beautiful group of the later and more finished conceptions in form, glaze and decoration, made by the great T'ang and Sung potters. This group gives the student a most unusual opportunity to study not only the growth of Chinese pottery, but also, since the collection includes Japanese and Korean pottery as well, a chance to study and compare the pottery of these three countries; for in Japan and Korea the artists created their pottery, as well as their other arts, largely through Chinese inspiration and based upon Chinese forms and designs.

In addition to the Far Eastern field, much of which I have not even touched upon, there is an important section devoted to Near Eastern pottery, early Egyptian specimens, Persian and Mongol illuminated books and miniature paintings, and several extremely rare, early Biblical manuscripts.

It is next to impossible to give in so condensed an article a suggestion of even the actual ground covered. It unfolds itself and grows bigger and

finer as one delves more thoroughly into its mysteries—and this ancient field of the East is offset by a group of American painters of today.

The American field is represented chiefly by the largest and most varied collection in the world, of the work of James McNeill Whistler; including oil paintings, water colors, pastels, etchings, lithographs, original drawings in various mediums, copper plates, and the famous Peacock Room.

Aside from Whistler's work there are large and representative groups of the work of three other American painters: Abbott H. Thayer, Thomas W. Dewing, and Dwight W. Tryon, and smaller groups of paintings by several other Americans, including Gari Melchers, Childe Hassam, J. Francis Murphy, John H. Twachtman, and Willard L. Metcalf.

Mr. Freer brings together the East and the West in this way because he believes that all real art is universal, and because he feels that these American artists represented in the collection express that universality, and in their work show an imaginative force, inner suggestion and idealism, in harmony with the ideals and the art of the Orient. Therefore the importance, educationally as well as artistically, in the close comparative study of such diverse fields and methods of expression.

That the collection will develop a demand for scholarly research and study into the ancient civilizations of the East is unquestioned, and that this study will cause deep consideration of our Western civilization, is also unquestioned. How much the West may subsequently profit by this opportunity and study will depend upon the vision of the Western mind and its ability to comprehend Eastern culture.

*Katherine S. Moore*

## SCANDINAVIA JUSTIFIED

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH

*An American who knows and loves Norway, Sweden and Denmark undertakes to defend these distant lands against the prevalent belief that they look with favor on the German Empire. Mr. Leach, the author, is a Philadelphian and he is now regarded as an authority on all subjects which concern Scandinavia. In a masterful way he touches briefly on various phases of life in this region and refers to America's obligations to the Scandinavians both at the present moment and when peace is restored.*

**O**NE of the stupid questions asked in conversation nowadays is, "Why are not the brave sons of the Vikings fighting on our side?" Anyone who takes the trouble to glance at a map of Scandinavia realizes the folly of this question. When a gang of armed robbers are in your room it does no good to attack them with your fists. The Huns would be delighted

with a good excuse to train their guns on Copenhagen, which they could do today, with only four hours notice, or close the ports of Sweden and Norway. We know well enough down in our hearts that the people of these three democratic little nations are one with us intellectually in this war. There are exceptions, of course; German propagandists are as active in Stockholm as in New York, but it is nonsense to hurl pro-Germanism at the



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Northern neutrals as a class. We have a notable example in our midst this month, a Danish nobleman who is determined to do his share against the despoilers of Slesvig. He has left his family and his native land, and arrived in an American port asking for an opportunity to fight the Boches under the American flag. During the war Scandinavia has been one vast hospital of mercy organized to help the prison camps of Europe.

The principles of international friendship have not been obliterated since 1914. If we are going to keep out of another war for the next two generations, something more than agreements to disarm will be necessary. Americans will have to encourage travelling fellowships, translations of the classics of friendly nations, exhibitions of foreign art, not to mention international marriages, and other intimate and intellectual relations with nations, geographically remote. To know a people thoroughly and understand their methods of thought, to laugh at instead of curse their idiosyncracies, is to preclude the possibility of war. The trouble with Germany was that we understood her but she did not know us.

Our relations with the three Northern democracies likewise have heretofore been too one-sided. If they were not too modest, they could claim with justice that we owe them a tremendous debt. In the world of painting they have sent us Zorn, Thaulow, and Kroyer, accompanied by Danish porcelains, Swedish and Norwegian weavings, and the sculptures of Thorvaldson and Einar Jonsson. In literature, have the Scandinavian translations of Mark Twain and Bret Harte been an adequate return for the stimulus that Ibsen, Lagerlof, and Hans Christian Andersen have given to our imagination? In geographical exploration the Northmen preceded Columbus on this continent and the Swedes planted their colony on the Delaware before William Penn. In more recent times Nansen has made a new record for farthest north by ship and Amundsen has added the South Pole to the map. Through the Swedish inventors we owe again as much: Ericsson's Monitor preserved the safety of the Union on the seas; our Panama Canal is lighted by Swedish automatic lanterns; the Swedes made the safety match, the cream separator, and countless devices that enter into our daily life. To the Danes we must go to study social experiments such as co-operation in agriculture and workingmen's compensation. We have these countries to thank for our best immigrant stock, the tall, blue-eyed race which has built up the commonwealths of the northwest, and turned our prairies into wheat fields. Minnesota has now its fourth governor of Swedish descent, and there are not more earnest patriots even in old New England.

What can we offer them in return? Study of our business efficiency, of course, with certain broad and generous aspects in the American treatment of art and democracy. Before the war it was chiefly through travel that we brought our ideals to Scan-

dinavia. The fjords and fjalls of Norway were becoming almost as well known as the Swiss Alps, but Denmark with its quiet beech groves by the sparkling sea and castles by mirrored lakes, and Sweden with its pleasant hills, lakes, and birches still await the American tourist after the war. There are other idealistic ways in which we ought to impress our better side upon the Scandinavians. We should see that good American histories are put into their schools, that our best American authors are translated in popular editions. At present the Danish school child is the victim of the exploiter who puts down Nick Carter, "America's chief detective," Buffalo Bill, "America's national hero," Jack London, Upton Sinclair, and other "pioneers" as our representative authors. Several splendid exhibitions of Scandinavian art have been shown in this country through the length and breadth of the land, but I do not remember having heard of an American exhibition being sent to Scandinavia. A few of their artists have come here and discovered our galleries and have been agreeably surprised. Trade will, of course, automatically bring about closer understanding between them and us. Scandinavians have absorbed many of the German markets during the war and we will need their help also to establish close connections with the great new industrial Russia.

The way in which Northern people come to understand us most intimately is by international marriages. The matches made by American mothers in Scandinavia have been the exceptions that prove the rule against American heiresses marrying abroad. Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone, of "Courts of Memory" fame, has made herself beloved in Denmark as completely as her diaries have endeared the Danes to us. There is also her daughter (*née* Moulton), the Countess Raben-Levetzau, wife of the former Danish Foreign Minister, who entertains in princely fashion at Aalholm Castle. Among other Danish-American noblewomen one calls to mind immediately our Miss Thayer of Boston who married Count Moltke; Miss Bonaparte of Baltimore who married another of the Danish Moltkes; and Miss Bech of New York, wife of Chamberlain Oxholm. According to Maurice Francis Egan, our Minister to Denmark, himself for seven years a brilliant exponent of American idealism in Copenhagen, Madame Oxholm has "all the American sparkle in conversation" with a vein of deep seriousness which makes her one of the most interesting women in Denmark. She is the special patroness of the Rifle Companies and is herself an excellent "shot." Her practical interest in the affairs of her estate and her sympathy with social progress are proverbial.

Henry Goddard Leach



# NATURE, THE ECONOMIST

By THEODORE P. SHONTS

*If Theodore P. Shonts were not one of the great masters of organization, he would assuredly have been one of our foremost editorial writers. His epigrammatic counsel published in subway cars is ample evidence of his insight and vigor as a writer and these qualities prevail in his monograph on "Thrift."*

**F**RANCE, long known as a nation of thrifty people, has been able to hold at bay the most powerful war machine ever assembled in the history of the world. She has been able to do it because her people have been saving for centuries.

The United States is the most extravagant nation in the world. Our people must save if they are to hold their place among the countries of the world.

The average American family wastes enough to support another family of similar size.

Mother Nature herself is the greatest saver and provider in the world, and we can learn our lesson from her. When nature doesn't save the world suffers. The whole universe is organized on the basis of always storing up for the future.

The sun pumps up water, the clouds retain it and subsequently return it to the lands that need it.

The earth absorbs moisture from rain, snow and frost, and later gives it back in vegetation.

The squirrels during the summer store food for the winter months. In the summer the bee saves enough food to last through the winter.

There is wisdom in spending just as there is in saving. Money spent for healthful recreation and relaxation is a good investment—that which keeps the mind and body healthy makes for greater happiness, makes for greater usefulness and productivity.

*Theodore P. Shonts*

## A BLACK BAND FOR MOURNING

By MRS. HAROLD F. McCORMICK

*From far-off Switzerland there arrives the ensuing statement of Mrs. Harold F. McCormick of Chicago who adds her voice to the majority of Americans in protest against the barbarous shrouding of crepe as an emblem of mourning. Mrs. McCormick inherits much of the directness of her famous father, John D. Rockefeller.*

I believe in wearing a black band on the left sleeve for mourning, as it is so generally done here in Europe. This custom is economic and at the same time protects the wearer. It states the fact that a death in the family has occurred. I should

be pleased to see this custom generally adopted in America.

*Edith M. McCormick*

## THE MOTHER

By MISS MARGARET PERRY

*The daughter of a fine writer of verse, Lilla Cabot Perry, Miss Margaret Perry, whose poem follows, gives evidence of inherited talent. This Boston family has the distinction now of having seventeen near relations in the country's service. One of the Perrys has fallen in battle.*

Now he'll not wait, my heart's desire,  
For youth's retirement to begin,  
Nor linger huddled by the fire,  
He who could die a paladin.

Not bent, gray, slippered, half-asleep,  
Heedless of night-wind and starshine,  
Sucking his pipe-stem—I could weep  
If Death thus found a son of mine!

No! Eager, keen, his youth unspent,  
He leapt to meet Death, heart aflame,  
Where blood has won in sacrament  
New bays for England's ancient name.

Death's hand in his, they raced along  
Through No Man's Land, while on ahead  
The shrapnel barked its battle-song,  
Exultant over all the dead.

But when they reached the second line  
Of trenches, where in mire and gloom,  
Lurked for so many, unbenign,  
A life of misery to the tomb,

Death seized that glistening, happy soul  
And led it smiling to its God;  
So that is why I am heart-whole,  
I bore a man—not a clod.

*Margaret Perry*



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| <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Pearls and Jewels</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>DREICER &amp; CO.</b><br/>Jewels<br/>FIFTH AVENUE AND FORTY-SIXTH<br/>NEW YORK</p> <p><b>T</b>HE Dreicer collection of Oriental Pearls, which is large and embraces Necklaces of all sizes and prices, offers a wide range of choice. The greatest value is assured. DREICER Jewels are selected in each instance for some distinctive quality of merit and mounted in original settings.</p>  | <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Old Masters</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>THE EHRICH GALLERIES</b><br/>Dealers in<br/>"Old Masters" Exclusively<br/>707 FIFTH AVENUE, AT 55TH ST.<br/>NEW YORK</p> <p><b>W</b>E have just received from London the very important portrait of Miss Campbell by Sir Henry Raeburn which we will be pleased to show on request. Always on exhibition are Paintings by the Old Masters.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Photographs on request.</p>   |
| <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Antique Tapestries</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>FRENCH &amp; CO.</b><br/>Antique Tapestries, Furniture and<br/>Textiles, Works of Art<br/>6 EAST 56TH STREET<br/>NEW YORK</p> <p><b>M</b>ESSRS. FRENCH &amp; CO. show at all times the largest and most important collection of Antique Tapestries in this country—single panels and in series. They have recently acquired a number of original specimens of Furniture and Objects of Art—the purest examples from the Italian Renaissance.</p>  | <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Old English Silver</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>CRICHTON BROS.</b><br/>OF LONDON<br/>Goldsmiths and Silversmiths<br/>IN NEW YORK: 636, FIFTH AVENUE<br/>IN CHICAGO: 622, S. MICHIGAN AVENUE<br/>IN LONDON: 22, OLD BOND STREET</p> <p><b>O</b>LD ENGLISH SILVER—the hand work of the great artificers of the reign of Queen Anne; also unique and important pieces of Georgian workmanship—sold in the New York and Chicago Galleries at London prices—not being dutiable. Table Silverware in exclusive patterns, London-made—single pieces or complete services.</p> |
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| <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Early English Furniture</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>VERNAY</b><br/>NEW YORK: 10, 12, 14 EAST FORTY-FIFTH ST.<br/>BOSTON: 282 DARTMOUTH ST.<br/>LONDON, W., 217 PICCADILLY</p> <p><b>O</b>LD English Furniture, old English Silver, old English Pottery, old English Glass, old English Pewter—original examples. The collection is invariably interesting as specimens, acquired in England, are constantly being added.</p>   | <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Old and Modern Paintings</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>M. KNOEDLER &amp; CO.</b><br/>556 FIFTH AVENUE<br/>NEW YORK</p> <p><b>P</b>AINTINGS by old and modern Masters are on exhibition in the Knoedler Galleries. Also interesting collections of old English Mezzotints and Sporting Prints, Old and Modern Etchings and Engravings.</p>   |



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- (1) Our "stunning" exhibit of a country estate in miniature at the International Flower Show, Grand Central Palace, March 14-21. Be sure to see it!
- (2) Our forthcoming book for country home-owners and garden-lovers, entitled "Home Landscapes," profusely illustrated with halftones, pen-and-ink sketches, and planting plans—the most helpful and practical book we have ever published—(and that means a great deal!) Be sure to send for your copy. It's free to *Chronicle* readers.

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